

BULLETS BY AT BERNSTEIN'S

"Monk" Eastman's Gang
"Shoots Up" "Big Dave's"
Coffee Room, and Two Men
Are Wounded in the Fusillade.

FIVE OF THE RAIDERS.

Everything in the Place Peppared
with Bullets Before the Police
Get There with Patrol Wagons
and Clean Out the Mob.

The knowledge that "Big Dave" Bernstein was out of the hospital and was understood to be "gunning" for the man who shot him on April 8—the man whom he refused to identify to the police, choosing to deal with him in his own way—resulted early to-day in a raid on Bernstein's coffee and roll house, at No. 310 East Houston street, in the "shooting up" of which at least two men were perhaps fatally shot.

The raid was made in true Western style by what the police say were members of the "Monk" Eastman gang. It was "Monk" Eastman who was arrested for shooting Bernstein, but when taken before the wounded man in the hospital Bernstein refused to identify him, saying he would not ask the law to settle his battles, that he would personally attend to the man who shot him.

About twenty men were seated in Bernstein's place after midnight when a crowd of probably thirty men gathered on the corner below at Clinton street. After a few minutes' debate five men were singled out, and while the remainder went down a side street the five entered Bernstein's place, each with a drawn revolver.

Without any words they began to "shoot up" the place. That is, they sent bullets through the floors, walls, ceilings, mirrors and counters. When the twenty occupants of the room recovered their astonishment a vicious fight followed.

During the heavy cross fire Policemen McGirr and Mulvey, of the Union Market station, arrived. They barricaded the doors and called patrol wagons and ambulances. Two wounded men had already staggered from the place to fall on the sidewalk.

They were Joseph Zucker, twenty-six years old, a driver, of No. 427 East Houston street, shot in the chest and in the left arm, and Harry Margolis, twenty-one years old, of No. 196 Bridge street, shot in the small of the back. Margolis was said to have been one of the invaders, and Zucker identified him as the man who shot him in the chest. Margolis accused Zucker of shooting him first.

All were taken to the Union Market station except the wounded men, and they were sent to Bellevue Hospital, where it was said that both men had sustained wounds which might prove fatal.

Among the prisoners is Frank Williams, thirty-nine years old, of No. 308 Henry street, who was recognized as one of the men who had invaded the place and who had done a large amount of the shooting.

Williams was held in \$2,000 bail for examination in the Essex Market Court later by Magistrate Breen, on suspicion of being implicated in the shooting. "Big Dave" Bernstein was found on the floor with a large revolver looking for his assailants, and he fought so hard to get away to find him that it required eight strong policemen to get him to the hospital.

He was released from Bellevue two days ago, and since then the police have been watching him for fear that he might execute his threat of avenging himself.

SALVATION ARMY LASSIE CONVICTED.

Found Guilty of Larceny for Failing
to Turn Over Money Collected
for the Organization.

Lena Tensack, twenty-one years old, a Salvation Army lassie, living at No. 21 Morton street, was convicted of petty larceny to-day in the Court of Special Sessions. Sentence was suspended.

According to John Hoffman, of No. 97 Perry street, an ensign in the Salvation Army, the girl collected \$20 and neglected to turn it over to the proper authorities.

Mrs. Pike, a woman lawyer, who appeared in behalf of the defendant, acknowledged the collection of the money, but said the girl had not been asked for it.

GREENE RETIRES CAPT. DONOVAN.

Commander of Bathgate Avenue
Station Leaves the Force on
Half Pay with Clean Record.

Police Commissioner Greene to-day retired Capt. James Donovan, of the Bathgate Avenue Station, thirty-seventh Precinct, on half pay. Although a veteran in the department, having been appointed on the force on April 5, 1871, he was not until last June that he got his shoulder strap. Donovan has a clean record and a year ago was honorably mentioned for stopping a bad runaway. He is fifty-five years old.

Donovan has passed a number of bills providing for the reinstatement of patrolmen who have been released, said the Commissioner, "and I have gone into the merits of each case thoroughly, with the result that I shall release against the force of the Department, excepting in one instance, that is the case of John W. Pinkley."

Fastest Forty Days to Cure Dropsy.
SALT LAKE, April 21.—Arthur Van Meter, of this city, yesterday broke a self-imposed fast begun more than forty days ago for the cure of dropsy. During that time he lived entirely on water, and grew strong and healthy. The dropsical conditions have disappeared. When he began the fast he weighed 250 pounds; he now weighs 125 pounds.

MORE BLOODSHED ON CHERRY HILL

One Man in Hospital with Bullet
Wound in Abdomen, May Die;
Another in Cell, May Go to
Electric Chair.

QUARRELLED WEEKS AGO.

Had Made It Up and Apparently
Become Friends, but East Side
Whiskey Fanned Smouldering
Hatred Into Flame.

Cherry Hill, famous for its feuds, has added another to its already long list: this time possibly a murder.

James Coffey, twenty-two years old, a printer, of No. 64 Oliver street, was found on the sidewalk at the corner of Mott and Pell streets, at 3 o'clock this morning, with a bullet wound in his stomach.

Jack Murphy, of No. 155 Cherry street, is a prisoner at the Elizabeth street police station, charged with the crime. Coffey's sister, Mrs. Nellie Doyle, entertained friends at her home at No. 64 Oliver street one evening in the first part of March, and among the guests were Coffey and Murphy. Some one is said to have offended an old man at the party, and Coffey made Murphy apologize for it.

On the sidewalk that night, after the party, Murphy said he could whip Coffey, and drew a revolver to emphasize the assertion. Coffey took the revolver away from him and shot at him, the bullet grazing Murphy's chest.

Since then it was believed the two men had become friends. They had been drinking in a number of places yesterday afternoon and last night, spending their money in the resorts of Cherry Hill and "Chinatown."

When Coffey was revived at the Gouverneur Hospital to-day he said that after he and Murphy had been in a dozen saloons, Murphy asked him to go with him to visit an aunt who lived back of McNaughton's stables in Mott street. He said that while they were in the passage way from the street to the rear courtyard, Murphy stopped him and said:

"You're no good, anyway, and now I am going to get even with you."

With that Coffey says that Murphy shot him in the abdomen. Coffey said Murphy then ran away, and that he staggered out on the street and fell where he was found.

Dr. Frederickson, of Bellevue, Painfully Hurt in a Struggle with Insane Patient.

Dr. Frederickson, who is in charge of the insane patients' ward at Bellevue Hospital, had an exciting experience to-day with William Burke, who has the delusion that he is followed by assassins.

Dr. Frederickson was making his rounds in the ward when Burke sprang from his bed and attacked the physician with a water drinking mug, striking him over the head.

The doctor grappled with the frenzied man and the two men fell on the floor. Several nurses ran to the physician's assistance and managed to separate Burke and Dr. Frederickson, who was bleeding profusely from a cut in his head.

It was necessary to place Burke in a strait jacket and during the struggle several beds were overturned.

Other patients in the ward became excited and uttered wild cries, but the arrival of several extra nurses prevented an outbreak.

Dr. Frederickson found that he had received a severe cut in his scalp, but after having the wound dressed and Burke confined to his room, he returned to his duties.

Burke is the man, the police say, who butted his head against a plate glass window in the "Flatiron" Building last Friday.

POLICEMAN FOUND OVERCOME BY GAS.

Scheidt Was on a Sofa Undressed
When a Fellow-Policeman Broke
Into the House.

Policeman George Scheidt, of the Ralph Avenue Station, Brooklyn, was to-day found unconscious from gas on a sofa at his home by Beamsy, the High Noon man.

He did not show up for roll call, and Capt. Miles O'Reilly sent Halloran to his home, No. 137 Woodbine street.

Halloran could get no response to his knocks at the house, and broke in. Scheidt was on a sofa, undressed. The room was full of gas and the jet was turned partly on. The policeman's wife and daughter were not at home.

An ambulance was called and the policeman sent to the Bushwick Hospital. The man is in a bad way. Capt. O'Reilly thinks it was an accident. Mrs. Scheidt told him that her husband came home drunk last night and drove her out of the house.

LITTLE HARRIET ALLEN, RUN OVER BY A CAR, AND THE PLAYMATE SHE SAVED FROM DEATH.



Bessie Berman.

BODY FELL IN FRONT OF WOMAN

William Walsh, Crushed Between
Motor and Car at Brooklyn
End of Bridge, Toppled from
Structure to Street.

Through a most remarkable accident death came to-day to William Walsh, of No. 239 Seventeenth street, Brooklyn, who had been longer in the service of the B. R. T. than any other employee.

Walsh was standing at the end of a train of cars in the yard at the Brooklyn end of the bridge waiting to make a connection with a motor. In some mysterious way another train standing behind the motor was started down the incline. This train struck the motor and started it toward Walsh.

The motor had not seen the accident and was before he knew of his danger he had been crushed between the bumpers of the motor and a car.

Marcellus Brout, the man in charge of the motor, at once backed the machine away. This released Walsh's body, which fell down into Nassau street, striking the ground right in front of a woman who was walking through the street.

The sudden appearance of the gruesome object greatly frightened the woman. She ran screaming into the police station at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, where she talked incoherently for several minutes.

Other persons who saw the body fall carried it into the police station. It was later taken home. Walsh was fifty years old. He had been in the employ of the B. R. T. for twenty-five years. He leaves a widow and several children.

BETTS PLEADS WIFE'S ILLNESS.

Asks for Delay in Trial and County
Sends a Doctor to Atlantic
City to See.

Attorney James W. Ridgway, for Lou Betts, under indictment for keeping an alleged gambling establishment at No. 122 West Thirty-fourth street, asked for a continuance this afternoon, when his client was called for trial before Judge Cowling, in Part II, General Sessions, claiming that Mrs. Betts was so ill at Atlantic City that if her husband were put on his defense at this time the excitement might prove serious to the woman.

The motion was opposed by Assistant District Attorney Nott. Judge Cowling, however, said he would put the case over until to-morrow, and in the interim the District Attorney's office could ascertain the truth of the defendant's claims. Dr. Bush was selected by Mr. Nott to go to Atlantic City to-night and examine into the condition of Mrs. Betts.

A BOON FOR CITY CHILDREN.

May Play on Grass of Parks When
the United States Flag Flies.

The Park Department instituted a rule permitting children to play on the grass of the city parks during certain times.

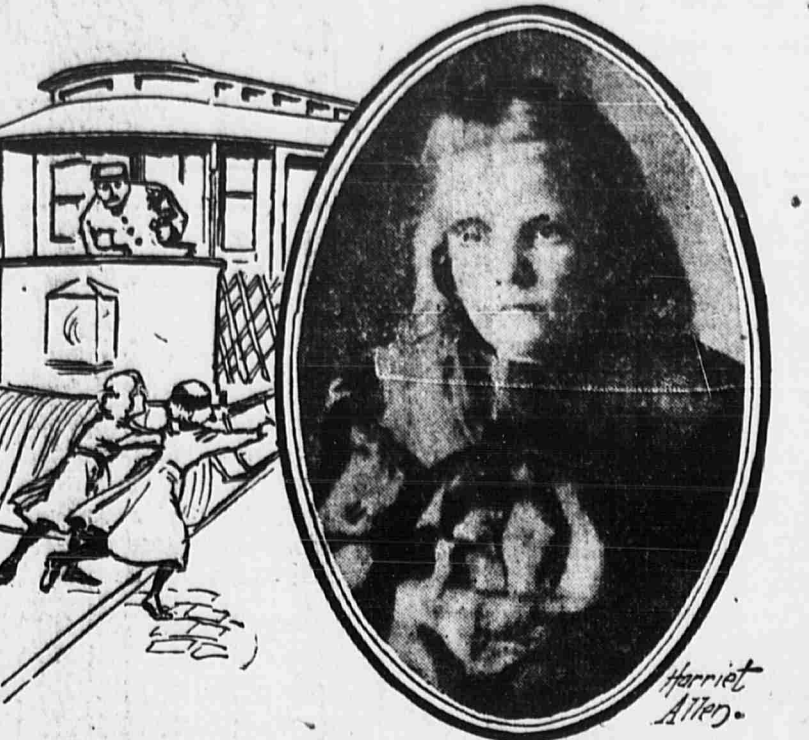
To carry this rule into effect it has been decided to erect flag poles in the center of lawns to be devoted to the children, and when it is believed the lawns are in fit condition for the children to play on them an American flag will be hoisted to the peak of the flag poles.

The new rule was put into effect at Bryant Park to-day.

THOUSANDS ARE STARVING.

South China Women Sell Them-
selves as Slaves for Food.

HONG KONG, April 21.—The famine in Kwangsi Province is killing tens of thousands of persons. Women there are selling themselves into slavery to escape starvation. The American Consul at Canton has started a relief fund.



Harriet Allen.

CHILD GAVE LIFE TO SAVE CHUM.

Girl of Seven Pushed Her Com-
panion Off the Tracks, but
Didn't Get Away in Time to
Save Herself.

Dominick Tuscullo, the motorman of the Morris avenue car that ran down and killed Harriet Allen, after she had saved her little playmate, was called in the Morrisania Police Court this morning. He seemed afraid that the crowd would try to mob him, as it did at the time of the accident, when he was threatened with violence and nearly lynched.

Harriet Allen was six years old and was playing in the street in front of her home, at No. 636 Morris avenue, with her little friend, Bessie Berman, who is one year older. They were on the tracks when the car approached and did not hear the clanging of the gong. Bessie's older sister called to them.

The children looked up when the car was almost upon them. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were in front of their home, and a dozen neighbors saw the danger of the children. All screamed hysterically, but the commotion only served to frighten the little girls.

Bessie was motionless with fear, and, seeing that she would be killed, the younger child seized her by the arm and pushed her from the track. The effort cost her her own life, for Bessie was barely free from the car when the front wheels crushed Harriet down and the front wheels passed over her.

At first the passengers tried to get him out, but he was wedged in too tightly, and the wrecking wagon and an ambulance were called. Dr. Knives, who came with the ambulance, crawled under the car and injected morphine into the silent but nerving man, the surgeon believed that he would produce unconsciousness and make him insensible to the pain.

Then the repair wagon arrived and instead of being unconscious Kelleher, who was under the truck, his head on the jacks, which way to raise the car, and where to catch hold of him as they dragged him out. At the hospital the doctors found that Kelleher had sustained a fracture of the skull, five scalp wounds, a gash over the right eye, and internal injuries. Both legs were crushed, one foot crushed and two toes cut off.

When Kelleher was told at the hospital that he would die he calmly asked that his wife be brought to the hospital to see him.

Philip Todd, who started his team across the bridge on a run, failed to get past the strikers, who seized his horse. Todd wielded a shovel, with telling effect on the heads of the strikers and narrowly escaped being brained with a club in the hands of a Hungarian. He lost his nerve and drove his team back to Raritan. Five teams which followed Todd's were also stopped and turned back.

So far four teams have broken through and are now on the farm. The laborers still threaten to destroy the handsome bronze statue on the farm unless their demands are granted.

There were three hundred men employed on the place. Last year they received \$150 per day, but this year got twenty-five cents less. This reduction is the cause of the strike.

A delegation of the laborers waited on the superintendent last night and made known their demands. They were told that unless they were satisfied they could quit work at once.

Trouble is expected during the day. Foreman Lawson in a pronouncedly unbusinesslike manner, after men who "walked out" yesterday, not to put a foot inside the boundaries of the farm on the field, and the Duke farm, is armed, as well as a number of the laborers who refused to have anything to do with the strike, and the belief is that they will use their weapons should it become necessary.

James B. Duke is President of the American Tobacco Company, and his estate comprises 1,000 acres. The laborers have been laying out the grounds under the direction of landscape gardeners.

No application has yet been made to the authorities for aid in adjusting the difficulty, and, judging from the attitude of the Duke farm, they feel satisfied that they are able to cope with the situation without any police assistance.

PITCHED BATTLE AT DUKE'S FARM

Striking Laborers with Clubs
Attempt to Prevent Team-
sters from Crossing the Rari-
tan River in New Jersey.

WAGES HAD BEEN REDUCED.

(Special to The Evening World.)
SOMERVILLE, N. J., April 21.—Italian and Hungarian strikers at the farm of James B. Duke, near Somerville, had pitched battle this morning with wagon drivers employed on the place.

Sticks, clubs and stones were used by the excited foreigners, who were determined to prevent the drivers crossing the bridge from Raritan to Somerville.

Charles McMurry, the first teamster to drive on the bridge, was held up. He made a desperate fight and forced his team through the strikers and escaped by making a wild dash across the bridge. He was followed by three other teams, which were sent through the crowd on a gallop. The drivers and laborers and the wagons were obliged to dodge clubs and missiles which were showered at them as they passed. No one was seriously injured.

The strikers now increased in numbers, and hundreds of townspeople turned out to see the fight. The Raritan police were powerless to disperse the strikers, owing to the peculiar situation of the Raritan River bridge. The structure lies in two townships. At the appearance of the Raritan police the strikers hustled to the south end of the bridge, when they were in Hillsborough Township and beyond the jurisdiction of the Raritan officers, who have authority only at the Bridgewater Township end of the bridge. At this end of the bridge the strikers were more successful in their fight with the teamsters.

One Man Driven Back.
Philip Todd, who started his team across the bridge on a run, failed to get past the strikers, who seized his horse.

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NOT RECOMMENDED FOR EVERYTHING

But if You Have Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble,
You Will Find the Great Remedy, Swamp-
Root, Just What You Need.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Doctors Prescribe Swamp-Root.
Gentlemen: "I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney and bladder complaints. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most beneficial effect, and know of many cures by its use. These patients had kidney troubles, and diagnosed by other physicians, and treated without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root effected a cure. I am a liberal man and accept a specific wherever I find it. In an accepted school or out of it. For blistering, catheter treatment, or any complaint under treatment with unsatisfactory results, I turn to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most promising results. I shall continue to prescribe it, and from personal experience, I believe it is the best of all the great curative properties."

L. B. Austin, M.D.
278 St. B. Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y.
Weak and Unusually Aged are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue much suffering with fatal results are sure to follow.

Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable; makes you pass water often during the day and during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; make you get a sallow, yellow complexion, make you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there are a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

No matter how many doctors you may have tried—no matter how much money you may have spent on other medicines, you really owe it to yourself to at least give Swamp-Root a trial. Its staunch friends to-day are those who had almost given up hope of ever becoming well again.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Sent Free by Mail.
SPECIAL NOTE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder troubles, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing, be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the New York City Evening World.

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DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD For the Form and Complexion.

Has been successfully used by leading physicians, and is the only food for women of fashion for more than 25 years. Wherever applied it is instantly absorbed, and the wonderful nutrition feeds use a certain exactness.

I don't mean that it can turn boy's bones into man's, but it can cure the case at any stage, completely and forever. I have done so, fully 100,000 times.

Write me so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a card for my book on Rheumatism. I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it cures, the cost is only \$2.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist, and you say the results are not what I claim. I don't expect a penny from you.

I have samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be a fraud. I know this, and I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. Yet medicine does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever saw, and all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found a remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for Rheumatism, as it can harm you, anyway. If it fails it is free. Address Dr. Charles F. Shoop, 183 Madison St., New York City. Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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